

Friends Bulletin

PACIFIC, NORTH PACIFIC AND INTERMOUNTAIN YEARLY MEETINGS
OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

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AMERICAN INDIAN SPIRITUALITY: “A PATTERN THROUGH TIME. . .”

In southeastern California near Great Basin in the Coso Range more than 14,000 Indian rock paintings are grouped within a 36-square-mile area. The early tribes who painted these rocks may have been the ancestors of the Shoshone Indians whose rock paintings have some similar images. Some figures in these paintings may be shamans or spirit guides, magical beings who helped in spiritual quests and hunts.

Robert Canfield, Bay Area architect and photographer, and his wife Gae Canfield, writer and librarian, both active in Berkeley Meeting, generously share their photographs of Indian rock art with *Friends Bulletin* readers.



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The American Indian Spiritual Quest and the Faith of Friends

Approaching this topic, I turned to two writers who have spent extended periods of their lives learning spiritual wisdom from American Indians—Joseph Epes Brown who lived for a year with Black Elk and his family in the Dakotas, and Frank Waters who lived among the Hopis. Joseph Brown wanted to learn first hand the religious beliefs and practices of the Plains Indians. He seeks to preserve these traditions and interpret them to others, especially to young Indians who wish to become centered in their own religious heritage. Brown's book, *The Sacred Pipe*, and his Pendle Hill pamphlet, "The Spiritual Legacy of the American Indian," as well as his "Mysticism within Native American Traditions" (Chapter 13 of *Understanding Mysticism* ed. by Richard Woods, O.P.) enables readers to place Indian spirituality in the *philosophia perennis*, the perennial and timeless wisdom that is universal.

Are contemporary Friends, as John Woolman earlier, being led to mutual spiritual encounters and expansions of religious experience with Native American spirituality? Some are. Tom Ward, Friend from Ashland (OR) writes in this issue of his experiences of the Sweat Lodge Ceremony and its similarities to the silence, spoken prayers, and the concentrated awareness of Meeting for Worship.

Our spiritual evolution and the fate of the earth itself, Frank Waters concludes in *Pumpkin Seed Point*, hinge upon the mutual recognition of white people and indigenous peoples everywhere "that universal truths cannot be preserved as the exclusive property of any one tribe or race. Each travels with all humanity the same Road of Life; no great cataclysm will destroy all the earth and its peoples save one dwindling group obsessed with a mythical sense of superiority."

As Friends, are we working in the world to dispell the myth of white superiority so that indigenous peoples may benefit more fully? Do we have a sense of membership in the emerging global white minority which may help us assume a more balanced perspective?

Just such a task New Zealand Friends have un-

(Continued on page 171)



Courtesy of Linfield College

Linfield College - Pioneer Hall (left) - Melrose Hall (right)

CALL TO NORTH PACIFIC YEARLY MEETING

Come and join us for worship, fellowship and renewal! We are gathering for our 1987 Annual Session at Linfield College in McMinnville, OR, from July 23-26. Registrar this year is Leni Skarin, 4504 Surrey Lane, Yakima, WA 98908. Please preregister in care of Leni by July 1, 1987.

Our Friend in Residence will be Arthur Kanegis, Quaker Filmmaker whose current project is called *Future Wave: A 2020 Vision*. Arthur's 2020 vision is to bring images of peace and of peaceful resolution of conflict to the popular movie screen. In the October 15, 1986, issue of *Friends Journal*, Kanegis published the article, "Reel Violence vs. Real Violence: In Search of a Bully Proof Shield," in which his vision is described. With Arthur and his vision, we come to Yearly Meeting wearing for shoes the eagerness to spread the gospel of peace and always carrying the shield of faith!

Jane Snyder, Presiding Clerk

From Meeting House to Sweat Lodge

by Tom Ward, *Rogue Valley Preparative Meeting (OR)*

As a young child, I especially remember Thomas Cornielison, an occasional visiting pastor at South Glens Falls Meeting, New York. He would bend forward with such interest and respect to shake my hand firmly as we filed out at the end of service. He was a Mohawk; I was deeply impressed. My father strengthened this impression by instructing us to "sit quietly in meeting, like an Indian," and "walk quietly in the woods, toe first, like an Indian." In our family of three boys and one girl in the southeastern Adirondacks, the indigenous people were held forward as the ultimate teachers.

My early respect for Native American ways was reinforced through the Boy Scouts of America, through extensive reading and with the continuing presence of Native Americans at New York Yearly Meeting functions. I learned the feather dance and kick dance at Powell House, a Friends Conference Center, Old Chatham, New York. These are both practice dances—one challenges the dancer to pick up a feather with the lips while only the feet touch the earth. This graceful balancing move is followed by a proud success strut or careful circling for re-approach. The other dance is practice with two dancers in toe/heel dance step attempting to kick each others' shins without being kicked back—a wild and spinning dance. At the time of learning these dances, I was not aware of the sacred, prayerful place of dancing.

The respect for nature and wilderness that I gained in my childhood led me to study botany at the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University. While at Syracuse I visited the Green Corn Dance festivals at Onondaga, but was dismayed at the commercial tourist trap flavor of the front booths; I never saw the dances. I did see evidence of trouble in the alcoholism so prevalent there.

After graduating from college in 1969 I was troubled, too. Because of my efforts on behalf of civilian casualties in Vietnam, I was blacklisted and prevented from attending graduate school. It was "back to the factory" for me, back to the color pigment plant in Glens Falls where my father and my mother's father worked. After a lower back injury,

I found work at a Boy Scout camp, saved enough to buy a used car and headed west. I was feeling alienated and discouraged, feeling the oppression of ethnic minorities (Quaker in my case) who stand by their beliefs and refuse to conform.

On arrival in Berkeley (where else to go as an angry young man in 1969?) I found myself delivering humanitarian relief to the American Indian Movement's occupation of Alcatraz Island. At one point a member of our Berkeley Friends Meeting committee suggested costumes and TV cameras—see the Quakers deliver Thanksgiving dinner to the Indians. When this was checked with the occupation office in San Francisco, we were told to "cut the ego trips and deliver the goods." As we pulled alongside the dock at Alcatraz, big stern men told us to "shut up, unload quickly and get out of here." I still had a lot to learn of "Indian ways."

California proved to be a wild, crazy place, filled with strange people, often in strange costumes, acting weird; so I hightailed it back to Vermont and got married under the care of Bennington Meeting. It seems that the special wildness of the west coast is like an infection. It may take awhile to incubate, and some may be immune; but if one gets the disease, there is no cure, so back we went a year later.

Seeking an Alternative Culture

Luckily, I was hired "off the street" at Laney College, Oakland, to teach "Wild Edible Plants and Woodlore." The experience of teaching and the wonderful support of my eager students lifted some gloom and brought me out of my shell. Although the marriage evolved into separation, I found new support in the building of an "alternative culture." It was back to the land, community celebration, natural foods, herbal medicine and a glorification of American Indians, that swept hundreds of people through my course and north to communes and communities in the Pacific Northwest. In order to build an alternative culture we looked for ritual. We were drawn to form, group practice, the common assurance that we do not build alone. The seventies offered a wild explosion of experience with ritual.

After four years teaching at Laney College, I spent one intense month in Mexico, which includ-

ed two weeks sitting meditation at the Rinzai Zendo in Mexico City. My back injuries had nearly repaired, after years of daily yoga and meditation. Still, sitting Zen was very painful, even leading to hypothermia one early morning. It was not the comfortable yet attentive quiet of Friends, not gentle waiting but intense release—the paradoxes of Zen. My experience of the discipline of Friends' quiet worship was elaborated and adorned by learning other meditative practices.

Casting about, we tasted Buddhist, Hindu, African, Celtic and American Indian cultures. From all we sampled, we only acquired some small part, introductions that came to us in the flow of visitors, books and music. By the eighties a fairly consistent culture had appeared in Washington and Oregon. Healing gatherings, community conferences, barter fairs, Rainbow Tribe encampments and organizing meetings all exhibited the amalgam of influences. This included Sufi dancing, Lakota Sioux sweat lodge ceremonies, quiet meditation, circle singing of chants and songs from many sources, and consensus decision-making from Friends. The choices have changed the choosers.

Yet somehow, my identity as a Friend has remained through all the learning and practice of new forms of worship. I sing, dance, discuss, chant in unison, walk, run and take part in structured ritual as worship. Still, it is voluntary, rising out of leading. I am moved to participate, to seek the light—all Friendly ideas. That sense of depth, the Presence, in Meeting for Worship is my place of centering, the familiar. That feeling of uplift and encouragement that follows from sharing calms me and keeps me at my work.

American Indian Spirituality

There is a focus on images of nature and on respectful worship and prayer among various American Indian traditions. The use of familiar symbols, the connection to eagle, mouse, turtle, corn, bean, and squash as sacred beings containing "the light," is very inviting. The longstanding cooperation between American Indian Nations and Friends has brought the influence of indigenous religions into Friendly practice. I was prepared to be sympathetic and so was surprised to face the

challenges that working with American Indian spirituality presents.

In Oregon, sitting in my first sweat lodge ceremonies and building Crazy Bear Dance Grounds Arbor (a circular covered walkway with gates to four directions used for ceremony and dancing), I found that great secrecy and mystery surround ceremonial knowledge and practice. The invitation to participate was extended tentatively and partially. Slowly, as we worked together, the inclusion opened. Friends have their own cloak of mystery in that visitors must extend themselves to study our ways. There is no plain speech primer (that I have yet found) and we are slow to explain much to newcomers. We operate with historical precedent and procedure, "The Good Order of Friends."

The American Indians have had their religions attacked, outlawed, misrepresented and variously interfered with by western expansion, government policy, broadcast media and commercialism. They are reluctant to give anything else away. Their land, pride, culture and children have all been stolen and destroyed. Native Americans want to preserve and strengthen what is left of their culture. Selective popularization is often counter-productive.

The Sweat Lodge Ceremony

The Lakota Sioux sweat lodge ceremony has become the standard Indian sweat. A round, low lodge of bent willow poles is built facing east. The ribs of the lodge are covered with canvas, plastic, old rugs or blankets until the interior is completely dark. A pit is dug in the middle to hold hot rocks. An altar is located just in front of the door and a large fire pit is built ten to twenty feet east of the altar. Every aspect of the construction has meaning in the ceremony.

Sweat ceremonies are sometimes for one sex or mixed sweats may be held. There is a sweat leader who enters the lodge first and a fire attendant who delivers hot rocks, water and sweat paraphernalia. The rocks are (hopefully) non-explosive types. (Round river rocks can have cracks in them that take in the water poured on them and burst from steam pressure.) About twenty good rocks are piled up in the fire pit and a big fire is built around and on top. After hours of heating, the rocks are

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(Sweat Lodge: Cont. from page 157)

red hot and the main ceremony can begin. While the rocks are heating, people waiting tie up tobacco in four colors of small cloth bundles called tobacco ties to hang among the lodge poles.

Before the other participants enter, the sweat leader goes into the lodge to prepare it by smoking dried sage bush flowers. Often, the leader sings and prays for awhile in the still cool darkness. The people line up on the south side of the "spirit path" between lodge pit and fire pit; this line is a center that we circle "with the sun" (clockwise) in entering and exiting the lodge. When the leader is ready, the lodge flap is lifted and we crawl in on our hands and knees, wearing shorts or a wrapped towel.

We sit on strewn herbs or bare earth in a dark lodge, crowded and quiet, as the leader welcomes us. And we may sing a welcome song in Lakota. If many participants are new to the ceremony, the leader may explain the ceremony. The lodge heats up and gets stuffy from our breathing as we crouch in the humid darkness. The door flap is opened and the leader calls for the deer antlers for rock handling. The first group of rocks is brought one at a time on a shovel. The rocks are blessed with dry cedar as they are placed in the pit and the smoke fills the lodge. The leader calls for the water bucket and dipper and the flap is closed.

The experience is intentionally humbling. As the water is poured and the steam chokes us, we are led in song. The leaders' voice is almost hypnotic as he prays and explains each move. He dedicates the ceremony to some theme and welcomes certain spirits to the lodge.

Even writing this superficial description is risking criticism from some of my Indian acquaintances. I am not revealing the specific words used or the special effects commonly observed and witnessed. This description is to set the context for my experience of being asked to pray aloud when called on, or in turn, around the circle of prayer. I found vocal ministry on command more of a challenge than other "new age" rituals of shared song or chant.

The sweat leader calls for another delivery of hot rocks as we gasp for air from the open flap. The ceremony goes "four doors" or sometimes six; the heat gets more intense as more rocks are added to

the lodge pit. With the second load of rocks in place and the door flap closed, and as a faint red glow illuminates the tobacco ties and sweaty faces, the leader calls for a circle of prayers. Each of us, starting at the north door position, prays aloud for friends in trouble, "all our relations" (flying, standing, crawling, swimming and so on), our loved ones in their growth or struggles; we pray for the earth or the bringers of suffering.

The ceremony is likened to a return to the womb, as a place between death and life. We accept the suffering as our offering to others who are suffering as a condition of their daily lives. We find strength to endure the steam and heat by singing together and by praying deeply from the heart. The humility of the sweat gives us strength to face our own daily struggles. This voluntary experience cannot be compared to the miserable conditions of many people; yet after four or six "doors" we are reduced to crawling out of the lodge, exhausted but uplifted.



Vocal ministry without careful waiting is distrusted and advised against in Meeting for Worship. In the sweat lodge, the song and the prayer are born from the support of others. From those influences that surround the ceremony, words flow out with surprising force and emphasis. There is a sense of being moved to speak. The message delivers itself. There is a gentleness in the rigors of the Sweat Lodge. The effects of deep centering are evident afterwards, just as those that follow a "Gathered Meeting."

The Group Experience of Three Spiritual Paths

Spiritual effort in many traditions around the planet is rewarded with confusion and paradox. We experience moments that do not fit our expectations and are still moved and heartened. Although form and repetition give us comfort and ready context, the unusual message or event within practiced ritual often seduces our attention to new revelation.

The group experience is a common form amongst the three practices (Buddhism, Lakota, Friends) that I have compared. We live in an age of fragmentation and individualism, where personal success and experience is glorified. Within the context of a tribal community, group ritual provides essential bonding and separate individual practices serve as a balancing of group immersion.

The Vision Quest of the Lakota, and of other tribes, is a powerful experience of self-discovery. The social human being is sent out to find solitude and personal power. In these modern times, a ritual of separation may be inappropriate. The balance needs to fall on the side of group experience. There is something important in giving up personal control, in yielding to the group experience. As Friends sit in meeting waiting patiently on the spirit, the ministry of others or of the group challenges us to seek the "light of the message." In a sweat lodge one is challenged even further to participate without hesitation, with no thought for self, concentrating prayer and concern on others, on sufferings greater than our own.

Both Meeting for Worship and the Sweat Lodge Ceremony seek the same spirit of love, peace, compassion and light. The difference is in the symbolism and ritual. Friends who are well prepared



would find a compatible seeking in the versions of the Sweat Lodge Ceremony that I have experienced in the Pacific Northwest.

New Ceremonies Are Evolving

I am sure that my Celtic tribal ancestors of Northern Europe had sweat lodges. The sauna is our modern inheritance. There are now new ceremonies evolving. The Bioregional Movement is finding ways to *live* in a place, connected to the land, dedicated to building a sustainable culture. The ways of the Native Americans are respectfully and carefully turned to as the original ways of place. Europeans have their own rich lore of place and respect for nature. The same sacred trees of the Celtic alphabet grow here in these North American forests.

The Religious Society of Friends itself grew out of indigenous sensibilities as well as personal revelation. Many American Friends lived in tribal agrarian villages in the period of quietism. I grew up in the remnants of that agrarian culture, with respect for the indigenous people, the Native Americans. It seems the Friends Meetings of the west coast are seldom the social communities of shared lives that we might imagine or remember. New spiritual ways are rising from modern conditions and shared traditions.

“... struggle for the ending to the story”

by David Scofield Wilson, Davis Meeting

“There is a principle which is pure, placed in the human mind, which in different places and ages hath had different names. It is however, pure and proceeds from God. It is deep and inward, confined to no forms of religion, nor excluded from any, where the heart stands in perfect sincerity. In whomsoever this takes root and grows, of what nation soever, they become brethren in the best sense of the expression.”

— John Woolman, 1774, from
Faith and Practice (1985, p. 89)

“The Army people don’t know. They don’t know about stories or the struggle for the ending to the story.”

— Ts’eh to Tayo, Leslie Marmon Silko,
Ceremony (1977, p. 243)

“Prospero says, ‘We are such stuff as dreams are made on,’ and surely he is nearly right. But I sometimes think that dreams are only fragments of that stuff. . . . Dreams and percepts and stories are perhaps cracks and irregularities in the uniform and timeless matrix.”

— Gregory Bateson, *Mind and Nature, A Necessary Unity* (1979, p. 14)

“There is a principle which is pure,” John Woolman writes, and it is “deep and inward, confined to no forms of religion, nor excluded from any,” and in “whomsoever this takes root and grows, of what nation soever, they become brethren in the best sense of the expression.” Such a principle takes hold of the story lived by Tayo and narrated by the Laguna Pueblo novelist, Leslie Silko, in her novel, *Ceremony*. [Penguin, NYNY, 1987, paperback, \$5.95.] The story speaks to our modern condition in ways Friends will find confirming; and it enacts a parable of mind in nature congruent with Gregory Bateson’s syntheses.

Silko’s protagonist, Tayo, moves in and out of memories of war against the Japanese in the Philippines, of life as a boy on the land before the war, and of years in an army mental ward after the

war. The stories of his life do not mesh. Psychiatrists weave one story about the roots of his alienation, but it does not help Tayo and runs counter to the story his cultural alienation from “the old ways” posits. After years of drifting in and out of fights and fantasies, of dull labor and vivid drinking bouts, Tayo, in desperation, seeks out a Navajo healer, “old Betonie.” There, ancient stories and current events come together at last and the novel becomes, itself, a ceremony of healing for us readers as well as for Tayo.

As Tayo draws back from plunging a screwdriver into the skull of Emo, a particularly vicious antagonist engaged in torturing his companion, Tayo “saves himself” from the revenge drama the witches have been plotting and “saves” the reader from relishing a violent and righteous retribution. It is partly that “you can’t kill the devil with a gun or a sword,” as the hymn says, but there is more at stake here than simply killing or not; the context, the “story” within which acts like that matter, is on the line. *Ceremony* is a story about the “struggle for the ending to the story” (p. 243), and stories

aren’t just entertainment. Don’t be fooled. They are all we have, you see, all we have to fight off illness and death. You don’t have anything if you don’t have the stories (p. 2).

Silko’s novel is compelling in its mythic and dramatic way, challenging our everyday notions of how the world works and we make sense in it, a problem Bateson addresses in non-narrative prose. But compelling especially because the story she tells speaks to Tayo’s particular condition and to ours as well. It hangs suspended between two existential agonies: the alienation of post-World War II existence in America and the structural schizophrenia of living as an Indian both amid modern Southwest culture and within the cosmos of Pueblo tradition. Whereas Bateson’s stories tease the intellect, Silko’s romance remakes the world.

Some Christians believe that “the story” we act our lives out within was authored “at the beginning” and that the only uncertainties left are whether this soul or that will end among sheep or goats. “Story” to Silko or Bateson means some-

thing significantly different. They take the “story” we inhabit and which gives meaning to our actions as an ongoing “pattern through time,” a context continually irradiating the present without entailing the future or reifying the past. It is still “being told,” in other words, and the end is not only not-known but at-stake in each act along the way.

As Quakers “wait on the light” in Meeting or “find unity” in a minute, they similarly both position themselves within an ongoing tale and retain a kind of authority over the way the story will all work out. This is what not taking up the sword is also about—about the *kind* of story we are in and “the struggle for the ending to the story”; not just “ends and means,” but “ends/means,” an ethico-aesthetic balance present in the Pueblo cosmos we meet in Silko’s *Ceremony*.

The “witchery” that plots to take over the story and force it to a violent, I-told-you-so conclusion in *Ceremony* waits on the Bureau of Indian Affairs Police and Army doctors to enact its darker narrative—that Tayo is only another drunken Indian misfit; but the witches’ story also stands for “the system” we all inhabit and may fall into enacting or decline to play out. As Friends “struggle for the ending to the story” against those *realpolitik* players who plot strategies and confrontations or those fatalists faithfully playing out the end of the world as written in *Revelations*, we might take heart from the good news Silko’s story entices us into sharing and wise up from struggling with the puzzles Bateson poses.

It isn’t very easy
to fix up things again.

Remember that
next time
some ck’o’yo magician
comes to town.

- Ts’its’tsi’nako,
Thought-Woman,
Ceremony.

Renaissance

by Jo Lillis, Logan Meeting (UT)

The White Buffalo Calf Woman

A very long time ago, long before the first White man came among The People, a mysterious and very sacred woman appeared to a certain group of Miniconjou Lakota, that was encamped up to the north of Porcupine Butte. She presented the leaders a medicine bundle containing the first red stone pipe. She instructed the men and women in the care and use of the pipe, and of many other things also. Then she departed; and as she walked away from the camp she turned into a white buffalo calf, that most sacred of animals, and galloped away, snorting.

Ptehincala Ska Win, the White Buffalo Calf Woman, is thus a most central figure in the Lakota medicine hoop tradition, for the sacred pipe is the
(Continued on page 164)





INDIAN PRAYER

O Great Spirit,
 whose voice I hear in the winds
 and whose breath gives life to all the world,
 hear me.

I am small and weak.
 I need your strength and wisdom.

Let me walk in beauty and
 let my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunset.
 Make my hands respect the things you have made
 and my ears sharp to hear your voice.

Make me wise
 so that I may understand the things you have taught my people.
 Let me learn the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock.
 I seek strength not to be greater than my brother or sister
 but to fight my greatest enemy, myself.
 Make me always ready to come to you with clean hands and straight eyes
 so when life fades as the fading sunset my spirit may come to you without shame.

Great Spirit of love,
 come to me with the power of the North.
 Make me courageous when the cold winds of life fall upon me.
 Give me strength and endurance for everything that is harsh,
 everything that hurts,
 everything that makes me squint.
 Make me move through life ready to take what comes from the North.

Spirit who comes out of the East,
 come to me with the power of the rising sun.

Let there be light in my word.
Let there be light on the path that I walk.
Let me remember always that you give the gift of a new day.
Never let me be burdened with sorrow by not starting over.

Great Spirit of creation,
 send me the warm and soothing winds from the South.
Comfort me and caress me when I am tired and cold.
Unfold me like your gentle breezes unfold your leaves on the trees.
 And as you give to all the earth your warm, moving wind,
 give to me so that I may grow close to you in warmth.

Great life-giving Spirit,
 I face the West,
 the direction of the sundown.
Let me remember every day that the moment will come when my sun will go down.
Never let me forget that I must fade into you.
Give me beautiful color.
Give me a great sky for setting,
 and when it is time to meet you,
 I come with glory.

And Giver of all life, I pray to you from the earth,
 help me to remember as I touch the earth,
 that I am little and need your pity.
Help me to be thankful for the gift of the earth
 and never to walk hurtfully on the world.
Bless to love what comes from mother earth
 and teach me how to love your gifts.

Great Spirit of the heavens,
 lift me up to you
 that my heart may worship you
 and come to you in glory.
Hold in my memory that you are my creator,
 greater than I,
 eager for my good life.
Let everything that is in the world,
 lift my mind,
 and my heart,
 and my life to you
 so that we may come always to you in truth and in heart.

Amen.

Source Unknown

[A prayer which sustained Ladon Sheats who was imprisoned for conscience sake after trespassing at a missile launch site in May, 1986. Sent to *Friends Bulletin* by Nicola Geiger.]

(Renascence: Cont. from page 161)

sine quo non of Lakota spirituality; the instrument through which The People send their voices to God.

The White Buffalo Calf Woman Society (WBCWS)

In 1977 a group of Rosebud Reservation women formed a grass-roots organization to address the needs of reservation women and their families, needs which were not being met by existing structures. They chose the name as a reflection of their desire to follow the teachings of the White Buffalo Calf Woman. The Society's goals are peace, understanding, and quality of life for all people.

The primary focus of WBCWS soon became the relief and prevention of domestic violence. In 1978 it was host to the germinative meeting of the South Dakota Coalition Against Domestic Violence, and in October of 1980 opened its shelter on the grounds of the former Bishop Hare School for Boys just outside Mission, S.D.

The WBCWS effort was the first shelter-based domestic violence program on any Indian reservation. For much of the following years it was the only one, as others elsewhere opened and, alas, were forced to close for want of funds.

Former Weapons Designer Finds Peace and Happiness on The Rosebud

On or about 1 July 1960, I moved into the State of California to begin working for Douglas Aircraft's Missiles and Space Systems Division at Santa Monica. Designing nuclear weapons was quite exciting, and testing them even more so. And of course the enterprise paid very well. But when I looked back over my life I didn't feel so good about my contribution to humanity.

After six years I left industry to return to school at the University of Southern California, at the northwest corner of Watts in Los Angeles, with the idea of retiring into Academia. But I arrived there the year following the Watts riots, and soon found myself enmeshed in the struggles of Black people. I set up a tutoring effort for the Black Students Union at U.S.C., and transported equipment and food for the Black Panther Party's Free Breakfast Program.

In May 1970, when President Nixon sent U.S. troops into Cambodia and the National Guard in

Ohio and Mississippi began killing students, I parted ways with mainstream America—forever, as it has turned out.

Although I was able to “coast through” and did obtain my Ph.D. in synthetic differential geometry, I was unable to become a part of Academia. So after two years of squabbling with the tenured mathematics faculty at a California State University, I resigned my position with no clear idea of what I might do next.

For the next three years I studied Zen, “did drugs,” worked on Movement issues, and watched what people were doing without seeing a way to fit in.

During this time I first lived with Indians, children of folks who had moved to the coastal cities during World War II. One of them, an Apache woman, taught me the very useful lesson that one's duty is, in reality, to belong to everyone and to no one.

Finally, I moved to South Dakota to be a husband in support of my third wife's Master's Program in wildlife management. Over the next few years I became attracted to the beauty and utility of field work in the wildlife field. In 1978 I decided to relocate in Logan, Utah, to learn biomathematics in hope of becoming a wildlife professional and, among other things, again making use of my considerable training.

As they often do, things turned out quite otherwise than planned. Pedaling my bicycle across Montana, I caught up with mail at Livingston to find that Marianne Doshi, a student body Vice President while I was teaching and now a midwife, was being prosecuted for murder! It seems that a home birth which she helped manage had gone awry, and, whereas the born-again-Christian parents wanted only to be left alone in their grief over what they interpreted as the will of God, the area obstetricians decided that it was a good time to prosecute midwives.

It quickly became clear to me that I would be unable to sit by while they put Marianne in prison; it was perhaps the clearest leading I have ever had. So I spent the next three months organizing home birth folk and midwives in Montana, Idaho, and

Washington, tooling up to generate the considerable funds required for a fair defense.

California vs. Doshi became something of a landmark case, and led to California's current lay mid-wifery practice statutes. Marianne was completely exonerated from any wrongdoing. And I went broke and "bounced" off Seattle's skid row: *very* educational! With the assistance of friends I arrived in Logan in December of 1978, but of course as a much different "I" than the "I" which left South Dakota. This "I" was now hooked on feminism and on high-energy, no-nonsense social service. So much for biomathematics.

Beginning with the planning committee for a women's health conference, I quickly found that what was most needed was crisis workers for rape, battering, incest, depression, and suicide. I spent five years with Helpline/Information-Referral and six with Citizens Against Physical and Sexual Abuse, ultimately as senior crisis worker and interim coordinator of each agency.

I also became attracted to The Religious Society of Friends, becoming a member in 1979.

Having already spent considerable time and energy working with Blacks, Hispanics, and Indians, I naturally considered working in the abuse area among these groups. Actually, I naively thought that the twin barriers of gender and race would prove to be insurmountable. In fact, there are so few people willing to get right in there with the broken bones and blood and dead people, that few agencies can afford to be very choosy, and their management is perhaps as unbiased as any I know. Furthermore, while there are indeed deep and painful gender issues in Indian country, there is not the bitterness which characterizes so much of mainstream American in this area.

Finally, all it took was one person "on the other side" to trust me enough to invite me across the chasm, and just at the right time I met Charlene LaPointe, then the WBCWS director.

In June of 1985 I attended part of the Rocky Mountain and High Plains Nonviolence Gathering and Solstice Festival at Camp Norwesca, near Chadron, Nebraska. Charlene and several other people were there from Rosebud, and I became

deeply bonded with Charlene. In August I stopped in at the WBCWS Shelter to visit Charlene and check into fundraising opportunities, only to find the shelter in a very intense tenant-landlord conflict with The Episcopal Diocese of South Dakota. Instead of my planned two day visit, I was there for five weeks! And although I had been "on the fringes" of Indian country for about 25 years, this was my first immersion in reservation life.

The results have been profound. In order to better serve WBCWS I have become a Rosebud Reservation resident, and have created the Aurora Foundation. I have been more or less adopted by the family of Adeline LaPointe, Charlene's mother. And I have become a "student-practitioner," for want of a better term, of a Rosebud medicine man, Norbert Running.

Coda

I must say that, for an ex-abused child who was a terrorized little kid up until the age of, I suppose forty-two, I am having a *marvelous* time. My life has become more wonderful and useful than anything I could have conceived when I was locked into the missiles and space race.

At about the time when I first realized the beautiful thing which was happening to me out at Mission, I wrote the following poem with which I will close this particular herstory:

**As I settle like a feather
On the warm red heart
Of the Lakota Nation,**

**It gladdens me
To remember my Teachers,
And their encouragement
Of my windblown
Journey.**

Book Review

by Pat Gilmore, Mt. View Meeting (CO)

Facing Social Revolution: the Personal Journey of a Quaker Economist, Jack Powelson, Horizon Society Publications, Boulder, CO, 1987. 146 pages. \$6.95/paperback.

New Powelson Book Stirs Renewed Look at Road to Peace and Justice

That outspoken Colorado Quaker Jack Powelson has done it again; and Denver and Boulder Friends have already met to discuss, praise or criticize his newest publication.

Facing Social Change: The Personal Journey of a Quaker Economist spells out Powelson's search for the surest path to peace and justice for the world's people.

Jack tells us in the preface that he wrote the paperback out of a "compulsion, even duty, to set forth the tortuous path of intellectual and religious searching for the Truth which I have traveled as Quaker, pacifist and [University of Colorado] economist."

His search first took him on a long journey through Third World countries as an economic planner-adviser. He was able to observe and compare first-hand their developmental problems and solutions.

Why did the poor get richer in some places than in others?

Were Kenyan economic planners more concerned with helping the poor or with consolidating their own power? Did a South American dictator's land reform really help the peasant or skim off farm profits for the elite?

These questions led Jack on his second journey—digging through history, specifically the history of land reform. "How was the peasant empowered in a way that lasted?" he asked himself.

Was it through land reform by "grace"—government dictated? Or was it land reform by "leverage"—peasants use of alliances and negotiation to create their own power base, sustainable over time?

He concluded from these journeys that the peasant did best building pluralistic societies with decentralized power, by developing and institutionalizing certain qualities of social character.

Some characteristics appeared crucial: skills in compromise and conflict resolution, skills in building trust and mutual accountability.

The peasants' role in dismantling feudalism through contractual arrangements in Japan and western Europe he found especially illuminating. Contrary to revolutionary ideology, violence was not the basis for this achievement. In fact, war and excess power were the main hindrance in most cases.

In view of these insights, Powelson began questioning some trends in Friends' social action.

We had the right motives for doing good, but were we taking them down the right path he asked. Or had recent currents of political liberalism, liberationism and a preference for socialist solutions led us into embracing a new "just war" rationale at the expense of the peace testimony?

Had we replaced efforts to supply a healing presence amidst suffering with confrontational politics—an acceptance of polarization to speed revolution?

Had we replaced bridge-building and skills-teaching with advocacy—choosing the "right" side, then pouring our efforts into helping it win, without due regard for process or facts? Had we thereby adopted a means-justifies-the-ends approach, joining saviors that could not save? Had we understood how central peace was to justice—rather than the other way around?

Two people who heard Jack's questioning with some empathy were Tucson Friend and Sanctuary leader Jim Corbett and Boulder Friend, economist and peace researcher Kenneth Boulding. In fact, the book's special bonus is that Corbett opens it and Boulding closes it.

Corbett says in his *Foreword*: "[Jack's] plain speech about war's new clothes is particularly refreshing, in view of the reluctance of Quakers to question the validity of the latest 'just war' mythology. . . masquerading as a fashionable cause. . . . If I were asked to recommend to Quakers a single title for social concerns discussion groups, this book would be it. . . ."

And so it happened that almost 40 Denver and Boulder Friends took part in recent discussions of the book. Echoing some thoughts from his *Afterward*, Boulding began the Boulder discussion.

Getting to the heart of the matter he said, “What Jack is worrying about is how to do good. Good will is not enough. Good skill is what’s needed. How do we mobilize good skills in the Society of Friends in a world that (unlike Fox’s) is a complex, total system?”

Healing, Boulding suggested, means that when something goes wrong there is a thermostat giving accurate feedback of facts to make it go right. Otherwise we may get the feeling we’re doing good when we’re actually doing harm. Ideologies do that.

“The old distinction between right and left has blurred,” Boulding wrote in his *Afterward*. “The time is ripe for new inquiries [such as Jack’s] into [what] makes for human betterment. . . .”

Most individual responses from Denver-Boulder Friends gathered to discuss *Facing Social Revolution* were a combination of positive and negative ones. In summary:

Positives

1. I liked Jack’s willingness to write down his experiences in this “Quaker journal,” to let us know how he came about his ideas.
2. I liked the way he put a complex economic development analysis in understandable terms, his clarity of speech. Good economics lesson.
3. I agree with his concern over the watering down of the peace testimony through choosing sides and rationalizing the use of violence; his caution about champions.
4. I appreciate the book’s emphasis on underlying processes—the importance of skills like conflict resolution in empowering the poor; his reminder that lasting changes like this require time; and the examples of what Friends can do.

Negatives

1. I don’t think it’s right to expect suffering peoples to be patient and wait for long-term incremental change. Revolution is the only answer these people have. The book doesn’t offer enough alternatives to violence, or enough ways Friends could help. Small-scale projects are well and good but too little too late.
2. Jack underrates the potential for good of the

Nicaraguan revolution. Maybe he’s right about revolution in general, but this revolution is an exception.

3. The book should have contained more criticism of Reagan and the U.S. for the troubles of Third World countries.

4. I disagree with Jack’s economics, his negative view of land reform by grace and his negative view of socialist solutions generally.

At one point Powelson told the group he started out writing a book and ended up writing a letter to his friends. He said there were some strong reactions—like the correspondent who said she was sending him five letters of ten pages each!

Strong reactions can be expected; but the sharing of ideas and experiences (if the Denver-Boulder discussions were any indication) should expand our thinking in the realm of how-to-do-good. For that we can thank Jack for his challenging, if controversial, journal about his journeys.

Letter From the Shoshone Nation

Dear Friends,

In 1863 the United States entered into a treaty of friendship with our Western Shoshone Nation. The Treaty allows American citizens to cross through our country in peace and guarantees our right to exist in our own country without interference from the United States. The Treaty was ratified by the United States Senate and is still the law of the land, in full force and effect.

Nevertheless, the Federal Government has shamelessly violated the Treaty by taking over large areas of our country for military purposes such as the Nevada Atomic Test Site, Nellis Air Force Base and the Stealth Bomber Range. Now the United States even denies our title, the right to occupy our homeland, which is guaranteed by the Treaty. Our cattlemen are being threatened with trespass charges and impoundment of livestock (the life savings of whole families). Western Shoshone hunters who hunt for subsistence and to feed their families and the elders are being arrested and charged with violation of State law. Our people, who have occupied Central Nevada continuously since time immemorial, are no longer welcome in their own homeland.

(Continued on page 168)

(Letter: Cont. from page 167)

In 1974 the Bureau of Land Management filed suit against Mary and Carrie Dann for trespass. This has become a test case for all Shoshones. Mary and Carrie are self-sufficient Western Shoshones who run their father's ranch in Central Nevada. The Government says the Danns' livestock are trespassing on federal lands. Mary and Carrie have relied upon the Treaty of Ruby Valley to defend their right to occupy their home valley. After six separate court decisions, including one from the U.S. Supreme Court, the Government has not been able to remove the Danns. Still, however, the Government tries. Mary and Carrie won in the lower court. The case is now in the Court of Appeals for the third time and the Government has promised to take the Danns to the Supreme Court again if necessary to win.

Why does the Government want us off this desert land? Why has it spent hundreds of thousands of dollars trying to make Mary and Carrie Dann homeless, dependent Indians? Clearly, the Government wants our land primarily for military purposes. In addition to the Nevada Test Site, the Air Force and Navy take over more Nevada land every year for heavy weapons testing.

The Western Shoshone National Council was formed to represent the whole Western Shoshone Nation in our struggle to defend our aboriginal title and the Treaty of Ruby Valley.

Our lands were not stolen in the 19th Century; they are being stolen *right now!* We do not believe the American people would tolerate this if they knew. The National Council faces a host of difficult tasks. It must:

- defend Mary and Carrie Dann in the Court of Appeals and Supreme Court.
- prosecute a lawsuit to protect our subsistence hunting rights.
- negotiate with the United States for a secure land base guaranteed by Congress.
- oppose encroachments like the Nevada Test Site.

The National Council has no resources of its own. You supported us at the Nevada Test Site protest in January by obtaining a Shoshone pass authorizing entry onto our lands. Now we need your financial support to continue our work. Please send

\$20, \$50, \$100, or whatever you can.

Sincerely,

Jerry Millett, Chief
Western Shoshone National Council
P. O. Box 68
Duckwater, NV 89314
(702) 863-0227

Memorial Minutes

Ann Sims

Ann Sims, a member of Palo Alto Meeting since 1956, died suddenly on April 14, 1986, at the age of 83. She was born Ann Towle Bevans on February 13, 1903. Her childhood involved many moves of household: to Idaho, Chicago, Pescadero, California, and New York City. Her education was among small groups of Anarchists and Socialists. Her mother was a leading spokeswoman in the party of Eugene Debs and her familiarity with Thorstein Veblen began in 1914, when he became her devoted stepfather and teacher. He bequeathed his home on Sand Hill Road to Ann and her sister Becky at his death in 1929. There she lived until her retirement to a convalescent home three years ago, becoming a widely known helper, healer and peace and justice leader and activist. She was beloved for her indomitable spirit and marked sweetness and gentleness in living her beliefs.

After two years of study at the University of Chicago, Ann entered the nursing occupation, first in New Jersey, 1926-30, and later in Palo Alto and San Jose. In 1938 she married sculptor and painter Ralph Sims, who taught arts and crafts at the Peninsula School. In 1945 they adopted infant Charles, son of Becky and Harry Myers. Together they trained their son in simplicity, pride in work and craftsmanship, self-reliance and curiosity and delight in Nature and ecology, taking many camping trips. Ralph Sims, who had been gassed in World War I, was frequently ill. Ann nursed him till his death in 1951, always claiming that she "never did anything" and that the "good licks Ralph put into [Charles] his first six years" accounted for his growing to be a fine man and scientist against war. Charles was a draft refuser when the Vietnam war raged. On the Boards of Camp Unilayee and the

Peninsula School while she was a single parent rearing Charles, she worked for scholarships for Black and minority children. She was an early founder of Friends Outside, taking shoes and clothing to prisoners' families, along with her radiant Friends' way.

In the years since Ann Sims joined our Meeting in 1956, our Meeting community came to know Ann as an unflinching worker for peace and justice, no tasks being too large or small for her efforts. She served as Clerk of the Peace Committee for Pacific Yearly Meeting one year and on the Board for the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Peninsula Branch, until her retirement, when she was made an honorary Lifetime Member. She was a member of the Executive Committee of the Friends Committee on Legislation for a time. For our Meeting Peace Committee she led a Silent Vigil in front of the Stanford Shopping Center every Saturday for eight years and did all the Peace Committee's mimeographing on a battered old machine that spurted ink in her face.

She gave a home to five or six draft resisters, feeding them from the meagre funds she earned cleaning house and doing nursing aid chores, and making her table a center for vivid sharing of the young men's visions of a just, equitable, and peaceful future society. Her gentleness, deep understanding and sympathy, as well as her generosity, were recalled with tears by one draft resister who flew to her Memorial Meeting from New York City to celebrate Ann as "a Godsend."

Ann Sims stands in our minds and hearts as an unassuming, kindly friend who worked daily for justice and peace. May we continue to learn from her remembered example.

Patricia Sue Dulcich-Sutton

Patricia Dulcich-Sutton was a member of Redwood Forest Friends Meeting and had been an active attendee of Sacramento Friends Meeting for two and a half years, until she died on May 14, 1986.

During the last year of her illness Pat did not attend Quaker Meeting very often, but small groups of Friends held Meeting for Worship with her at home every week. The life of the Meeting was very important to Pat, and her life had a profound effect on us

all. She lived her life intentionally and with great joy. She shared her courage and insights with all of us who came in touch with her.

Pat was born on August 16, 1938, in Merced, California, the daughter of Doris and Harold Dulcich. She was married to Denver Sutton. She had three children who lived with her, Lee, Troy and Stacy Sutton; two step-children, Christopher Sutton of San Rafael and Christina Sutton of Santa Rosa; and a sister, Janice Rozakis of San Carlos. Pat's mother Doris Dulcich lived with Pat and the family and gave them much loving care.

Pat graduated from Sonoma State University with a major in art. She had several exhibits of her art in the Rohnert Park area. Sacramento Meeting was fortunate to be able to display some of her work for her Memorial. She continued to paint until her death, although it required great effort. She also loved her garden and spent many hours working in it as long as she was able.

Two years ago Pat helped to design and set up the renovated California State Indian Museum in Sacramento. This was one of her most satisfying accomplishments.

We remember her in God's care, with much love.

Alejandro Mendoza

Alejandro Mendoza, a member of La Jolla Friends Meeting, died in Seventh month, 1986. Alejandro's home was in Tijuana, Baja California, and for many years he travelled to La Jolla by bus, a trip which took most of the day.

Alma F. Spelman

Alma F. Spelman, a member of La Jolla Friends Meeting, died Second month, 25, 1987. Alma was in her 82nd year. Alma served on the Ministry and Oversight committee and was a charter member of the board of trustees of the Scholarship Fund. A memorial meeting was held on Third Month, 28, 1987, at the La Jolla Friends Meeting house.

Kenneth Oscar Miller

Ken Miller passed away on April 29, 1986, after a prolonged illness. He was a valuable and beloved member of Orange Grove Meeting. He often spoke with deep emotion of his love for the religious community of the Meeting. He was active in the spiritu-

(Continued on page 170)

(Memorial Minutes: Cont. from page 169)

al life of the Meeting and a thoughtful contributor to the Meeting for Business. Care of the Meeting House and the Meeting Cemetery were important to Ken and he never failed to pitch in when work was required.

Ken was born on June 19, 1906, in Traverse City, Michigan. He worked as a route salesman for many years. For the last 20 years of his working life, he was a postal clerk at the Los Angeles Terminal Annex. He retired at the age of 70.

Ken's association with Quakerism began in 1965 when he, his wife Bea, and their children attended an American Friends Service Committee Family camp for the first time. That was the beginning of a long, deep, sometimes difficult, but joyous growth into Quakerism. He has been an active committee worker for the AFSC, especially after retirement allowed him to devote himself to the things he felt were most important to him.

A stanza from one of Ken's favorite poems expresses his approach to life:

For Yesterday is but a dream
And Tomorrow is only a vision
But Today, well lived,
makes every yesterday
a dream of happiness.

Ken is survived by his wife, Beatrice, their son, Rex, and daughter, Eva.

Arthur Hobson

Arthur Hobson was the very heart of the Hobson family, the source of strength and love and personal dignity for each person, to say nothing of the focus for humor, merriment, and constant joking—always a gentle humor.

Some of you knew Arthur Hobson in his active years. Phenomenally strong, loving to master physical challenges, to compete athletically, and to dance with rare grace and gusto, especially in 3/4 time, he literally vibrated energy and vitality. In parallel with this was his gentle soul, so attuned to the environment and so intuitively responsive to others, a real asset to his professional mission to nurture youth into maturity. . . But, let us not make this vibrant, rich human person appear saint-

ly. His stubbornness was beyond belief and he was forever teaching, even when everyone was disinterested, he taught on anyway. Friends know that he made them uncomfortable with his uninvited lectures about the hazards of their smoking, for example.

A birthright Quaker, Art's lineage on both sides reached back many generations, even to the time of George Fox, when some Cromwellians defected to the Religious Society of Friends, and even worse to the cause of the despised Irish. Irish/English blood ran in his veins competing at times for control. Before that time the history of Hobson nonconformity reached to one of the translators of the Tyndall Bible and to the first person beheaded by Bloody Mary. Art and Arline attempted to retain the spirit of nonconformity in their family where Art took enormous pride in the uniqueness of each child and grandchild.

Art was planning to be at the 50th anniversary of his class in June at Springfield College. His graduation in 1937 led naturally into a YMCA position. In Toronto he met and married Arline Booth.

Art's professional career moved from the YMCA to Quaker mission service among the Osage Indians, to teaching in New York City in the famous progressive Dalton Schools, to teaching in the Japanese War Relocation Center, to education of the Navajo in the Bureau of Indian Affairs and later in the Indian Health Service.

Multiple sclerosis plagued Art for much of his adult life, finally forcing an early retirement and a move to Tucson where the family suffered all the agonies of reurbanization.

The first years of their marriage among the Osages in Oklahoma were an opening to the diversity of spirit. On the occasion of Art's memorial, 47 years later, Indian friends blessed them again with pollen, purifying smoke and Indian song.

[Arthur Hobson, who was born on Tenth Month, Fifteenth, 1910, died on Second Month, Third, 1987. A Memorial Meeting was held at Pima Meeting on Second Month, Seventh. Survivors include his wife Arline, his sons Arthur K. Hobson, Jr. and William Hobson, and his daughter Gracia Hiatt and nine grandchildren.]

(Editorial: Cont. from page 154)

dertaken in their 1987 Yearly Meeting last January (as reported in the March 1987 issue of *New Zealand Friends Newsletter*) during which they minuted "... we felt a commitment... to helping ourselves and other *Pakeha* [white settlers] to let go of power. We were convinced that in this we as a Society have much work to do, and we felt a sense of urgency."

Following New Zealand Yearly Meeting, a week-end in February was set aside at the Quaker Settlement at Wanganui for Friends to consider in more depth how they might be involved in positive changes in institutional structures to redress institutional racism. Parallels between the Native people of New Zealand, the Maoris, and their white colonizers and Native American peoples and their white colonizers became apparent as I read their mutual histories of broken treaties and the loss of equal partnership of cultures and people.

Discussions at Wanganui centered on a National Council of Churches Racism Programme statement: "... Racism is most clearly identified in the *outcome*. We have to study and analyse what is *actually* happening in our society. What do the statistics say? What do the voices say? ... The institutional structures of our society are all run by the *Pakeha* group [who derive the most benefit from them] ... What is it that is happening in our society in the procedures, the methods and expectations of the institutions which brings about that situation?"

New Zealand Friends at Wanganui addressed the problems of unemployment, homelessness, and government social policies as they relate to racism. They plan to support a Maori Language Bill and also the recommendations of the Waitangi Tribunal. They are recommending to Friends in New Zealand the study of Maori publications on social welfare and legal services. They look forward to reviewing at their 1988 Yearly Meeting the progress that Friends are making in working against racism.

Here we observe the faith of Friends at work. Are there comparable efforts American Friends are making on behalf of Native Americans? Are we discussing institutional racism in our Yearly

Meetings? How are we addressing comparable issues where we live?

There is no difference between the sacred and the secular, our philosophical forbear, Jacob Boehme, reminds us.

Shirley Ruth

Announcements

Quaker Youth Pilgrimage Appeal

Hannah Vogel of La Jolla Friends Meeting is one of the young Friends chosen for the 1987 Quaker Youth Pilgrimage. As she has said, "I have always known of the significance of this Pilgrimage in my life. I feel strongly that I will in some way be able to contribute to the international peace movement."

This year's Pilgrimage is a five-week tour through Germany and England. During the first week the group will be divided into pairs. "We will live with British families. Next is the traditional week in northwest England where the Quaker movement began. Following that we visit Germany for two weeks, including a workcamp at Wustrow and a visit to the Bergen-Belson concentration camp in Halle. A meeting for worship with East and West German Friends will take place in Wustro. The final week will be in London with a trip to the Quaker International Centre."

Friends can help Hannah financially by contributing to the Quaker Youth Pilgrimage Fund, Eugene Friends Meeting, 2274 Onyx St., Eugene, OR 97403.

Executive Secretary, Friends World Committee for Consultation, Section of the Americas

Administer programs of the Section; articulate a vision of the world Religious Society of Friends; participate in fund-raising, based in Philadelphia. For application information, write: Clerk, Search Committee, P. O. Box 194-H, Scarsdale, NY 10583. Closing date for receipt of applications: September 30, 1987. Position begins August, 1988.

1987 YEARLY MEETING DATES

- June 9-14 Intermountain Yearly Meeting,
Ghost Ranch, Abiquiu, NM
- July 22-26 North Pacific Yearly Meeting,
Linfield College, McMinnville,
OR
- August 3-8 Pacific Yearly Meeting,
Craig Hall, Chico, CA

In the Costanoan Circle

rain
comes with a murmur,
whispers
high in the redwoods,
a humming
in the earth.

After long hush
the blessing, wind
pulling needles through the air,
patterns of water
repeating
a holy round

of old comings and goings,
drumbeats
on the forest floor,
the dancers
waiting to enter the circle,
the sacred singing about to begin.

(Ben Lomond Quaker Center)
Jeanne Lohmann
San Francisco Meeting

[The Miwok-Costanoan Indians
inhabited the northern central
California coast ranges. Ben
Lomond Quaker Center is located
in the Santa Cruz Mountains, part
of the coastal range.]

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